In Memoriam

James Bissett Murdoch, M. D.

UNIVERSITY
OF PITTSBURGH

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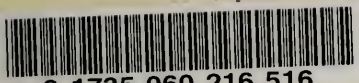
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MEMORIAL VOLUME.

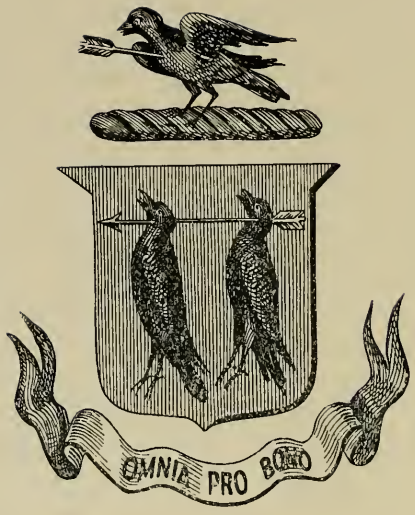
JAMES BISSETT MURDOCH, M. D.

BORN OCTOBER 16, 1830.

DIED OCTOBER 29, 1896.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

PITTSBURGH:
THE EICHBAUM PRESS.
1897.


OMNIA PRO BONO

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. DAVID MURDOCH, D. D.

Concerning the remote ancestry of Dr. James Bissett Murdoch but little is known; and that little is of a general character.

The Murdochs are of Scottish origin. The name occurs in the history of Scotland from the earliest times. The late James E. Murdoch, the tragedian, some years since discovered the Murdoch coat-of-arms, together with the legend explaining its several parts. The legend is as follows:

"In the days of one of the early kings of Scotland a party of his enemies lay in ambush near the castle to attack the royal train when they sallied out to hunt. A loyal henchman of the name of Murdoch discovering the treachery, but having no opportunity of giving timely intimation of it to the king, who was walking on the leads of the castle, attracted the monarch's attention by shooting an arrow through the neck of a raven seated on the ramparts and immediately afterwards transfixed two more with a single shot. The king, startled by the accuracy of the shot, exclaimed: 'None but a Murdoch could send a shaft like that' (for the Murdochs were good bow-men), and so suspecting

some warning was intended, he took means to investigate and escaped the ambush. The king in gratitude knighted Murdoch and gave him for his crest the single raven transfixed, and accorded him the privilege of using the two ravens on his shield, with the motto, *Omnia pro bono.*"

Whether it is entirely legendary or founded on some tradition, Mr. Murdoch thought it worth while to obtain the "coat-of arms" above described, and to have photographs of it sent to many of the persons who bore his name, and whether the "loyal henchman" who was knighted for his valiant deed lived to enjoy still greater honors and to transmit the fame of his act to his descendants, history does not inform us. The name "Murdoch" as given by those learned in heraldry, means "sea-soldier," and probably intimates that the Murdochs were anciently soldiers gathered from the sea coast, or in the naval service of the Government, noted for their war-like propensities, as indeed they are still. And this is about all that can be said about the ancestry of the Murdochs, as far as has come to the knowledge of the writer.

The father of Dr. Murdoch was the Rev. David Murdoch, D. D., who came from Scotland to Canada as a missionary of the London Colonial Missionary Society, in 1832. He was born in the highlands of Scotland, of humble parentage, and was brought to Glasgow in his youthful days. He was educated in the University of that city and in the Divinity School of Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, of the same place, a noted Congregational divine of Great Britain. He remained in Canada until 1837, when, owing to his sympathies with those who desired to dissolve its relations with the British Government, he removed to the United States. His first settlement was at Ballston, N. Y.

In 1841 he removed to Catskill, N. Y. In 1851 he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Elmira, N. Y., where, after forming the Second Presbyterian Church of that city, and being its first pastor, he died in 1860.

Dr. Murdoch's mother was Elizabeth Bissett, of Glasgow, of a lowland family which came from the neighborhood of Edinborough to Glasgow about the close of the last century. She was a woman of remarkable qualities, both of mind and heart, a true helpmeet to her husband, a mother above all other mothers to her children, of whom there were ten, five sons and five daughters, and of these but two, a son and daughter survive. Like the "Drumtochty Mother" of the "Lad o' Pairts," she took great pride in the education of her family and lived to see her sons in the professions of the law, the ministry, and medicine. Their success in life was largely due to her influence. Having "served her generation according to the will of God" she fell on sleep in her seventy-third year at Elmira, N. Y.

Dr. J. B. Murdoch, the subject of this sketch, was born in Glasgow, October 16, 1830, and was brought to America when a child. His boyhood was passed in Bath, Canada; in Ballston, N. Y., and in Catskill, N. Y. His early education was received in these places and in Kinderhook Academy, a distinguished educational center in those days. When the family left Catskill for Elmira, he remained behind and spent some months in Dr. Doane's drug store, where he was greatly interested, and where he first formed the idea of studying medicine. Soon after he entered the office of Dr. Wm. Wey, of Elmira, where he commenced the study of medicine, afterwards going to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. He was graduated from that college in 1854, and after some time spent in Bellevue

Hospital and as surgeon on one of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt's Transatlantic steamers, the "North Star," he returned to his parental home in Elmira, N. Y.

As a young man he was marked by great force of character and independence. A letter recently found, dated Bellevue Hospital, April 21st, 1855, written to his sister, to bid farewell, as he was about to sail as surgeon on the "North Star," gives some insight into his character, and is as follows: "In a few hours I will start. It is now nine o'clock and the ship sails at twelve. Good-bye to you and all friends. Should Providence so decree that we never again meet, be assured of one thing: that you will never read in the newspapers of any cowardly act committed by your affectionate brother, JIM."

He chose for himself the career which he was to follow. He became truly the architect of his own fortune.

Thrown early on his own resources, he pushed rapidly from one vantage ground to another, till he attained a front rank in his profession.

He was associated with the late Dr. A. Van Dyke, of Oswego, N. Y., at the beginning of his medical practice, and continued the pursuit of his profession in that city after the death of his partner. In 1861 he married Miss Jane Pettibone, of Oswego, who died four years later, leaving him one son. On the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, on the first call for troops by President Lincoln, he offered his services to his country and was appointed assistant regimental surgeon. He was speedily promoted to the position of Surgeon General of his brigade, which position he held until the expiration of his term of service. He had large experience as a surgeon during his military career, and was in active service at the battles of Bull Run, Falmouth, Rappa-

hannock Station, Sulphur Springs, Groveton, South Mountain, Antietam, Gainesville, Manassas Plains, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On his return to Oswego he was made surgeon of the Board of Enrollment of the 22d District of New York, filling this position until the close of the war.

In 1868 Dr. Murdoch married Miss Jeannie Moorhead, youngest daughter of the late General James K. Moorhead, of Pittsburgh, who, with a family of two sons and two daughters, survives him. In 1872, at the urgent advice of his father-in-law, he removed to Pittsburgh and began the practice of his profession in that city. From the very beginning of his acquaintance with General Moorhead there commenced a relationship between these two men of the closest nature. Thoroughly congenial, and appreciative of each other's good parts, they spent many pleasant hours together, and the historic dirge of David over the death of Jonathan can alone picture the distress of this son-in-law at the decease of his beloved friend and father.

It would transcend the limits of this paper to enumerate the various offices of honor and confidence which his professional brethren placed upon him. While yet young he was elected President of the Oswego County Medical Society; later he held the same office in the Allegheny County Medical Society, in the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, and in the American Association of Railway Surgeons. At the time of his death he was a member of the surgical staff of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, and *emeritus* Professor of Clinical Surgery and Dean of the Faculty of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College, an institution of which he was one of the founders, and of whose rapid success and high standing he was justly proud.

He was also a frequent contributor to the medical journals of the country. Reports of his surgical clinics of the Medical College have been made from year to year, and are published in the journal of the American Medical Association. His article, on the "Torsion of Arteries," for the arrest of hemorrhage, has been widely circulated, and has probably done more to popularize this method than those of any other American surgeon. Other well received papers were on the surgical treatment of railway injuries and on fractures and dislocations.

While it is true that Dr. Murdoch will be chiefly remembered as a surgeon, to his immediate and best known friends, his memory will be lovingly cherished as a man of broad nature and wide culture. His strong personality was the lode-stone which drew them to him. His social qualities brought him hosts of friends. His genial humor, ready speech, all-around good fellowship made him "*facile-princeps*" of the festive gathering where he was present. His keen wit, and lightning-like appreciation of every good thing said or done, made him a brilliant exception to the slurs of Sydney Smith, that it needed "a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head." The reply of the old Scotchman to Dr. Johnson's definition of "Oats," "*Food for horses in England and men in Scotland,*" and "*Whaur will ye find sic men and sic horses?*" brings to mind at once the quick repartee of Dr. Murdoch. The "MacGregor" clan is the clan of the Murdochs, and the saying, "Where 'MacGregor' sits there is the head of the table," was never more truly illustrated than by this "MacGregor."

His literary attainments were of a high order. With the calmness and self-poise of the skillful physician, he united a profoundly emotional and sympathetic nature. He was a "born

poet," though he never "lisped in numbers" or expressed himself otherwise than in prose. He drank in the spirit of poets with his mother's milk. She sang to her children of Wallace and Bruce, and the Auld Scotch Worthies, and of Scotia's banks, and braes, and streams; and of these they learned long before they knew their ABC's.

Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott and William Shakespeare were his favorite authors, from whom he could repeat from memory by the hour together. From his ancestors he inherited that ardent affection for auld Scotia, "the land of the mountain and the flood," which is the characteristic trait of his countrymen. As such he took a deep interest in the books of "Ian Maclaren," and the touching story of George Howe, the "Lad o' Pairts," as he came home to die from the University of Edinborough, where he had so nobly acquitted himself, was a strong reminder to him of his own dearly loved son of much promise, recently taken away in his early spring-time, just as he was about to finish his college course at Princeton.

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne" and "Beside the Bonnie Brier-bush" were a solace to him in his last hours. Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, and Dr. Maclure of Drumtochty, were characters in which he delighted, and with which his particular friends will be wont to associate him.

Let no one suppose that we wish to describe him as a man without imperfections. He would have scorned the eulogist who tried to hide his faults, or to cover his hot highland blood with a factitious mantle of sanctity. The "Thistle" motto of his country, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," glistened in his eye at sight of wrong or injustice. Yet no one was more ready to forgive and forget, to give or accept an apology, when the

angry words had passed. No one more regretted words spoken in haste, or was more prompt to atone for an injury thoughtlessly inflicted.

He was an earnest, thoughtful student in philosophy, and had pondered deeply the subjects of Life and Death. He had a supreme regard for Truth, and was slow to accept the doctrines and dogmas of others which had become popular through age and tradition. Like many of his medical confreres, there was in him a powerful leaning toward Materialism, and this was probably the chief danger against which he had to contend.

But beneath all there was a deeply religious nature, in the expression of which he was greatly reserved. He was a man who kept many of his convictions to himself, and did not allow any stranger to intermeddle between him and his Maker. His trustful committal of himself to the hands of God in his last days, and patient waiting for his summons, was beautiful to witness. His last words to the attendants, at his bedside were: "*Now I want to sleep and rest.*" This was his peaceful and painless end.

The beautiful words of Mrs. Browning might be taken as his, as he sunk into his last repose:

> And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
> That this low breath is gone from me,
> And round my bier ye come to weep,
> Let one most loving of you all,
> Say "not a tear must o'er him fall,"
> "*He giveth his beloved sleep.*"

But for the gracious words of the great "Friend we have above," what comfort would be left us in the separation from our beloved dead?

"*I will come and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*"

If it is the destination of His disciples to be *with Him*, as this word of His plainly teaches, will they not also be with one another?

In the companionship of the great Elder Brother, who has loved us with an everlasting love, we can leave our dear ones without regret—knowing that He can do more and better for them than we ourselves, and that the blessed reunion cannot be far off when we shall all be together and "forever with the Lord."

Conscious that the work of his life was almost over, Dr. Murdoch about two months before his death sent in to the authorities of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College his resignation as Dean. This action promptly called forth the following communications:

WESTERN PENN'A MEDICAL COLLEGE.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Sept. 9, 1896.

PROF. J. B. MURDOCH,

Dear Doctor: In accepting your resignation of the chair of The Principles of Surgery, proffered on Saturday, September 5, 1896, the Faculty of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College believe the occasion appropriate to express to you their regret and sorrow, not only on your withdrawal from the more active work of the college, but also at the cause which prompts your action—your continued ill-health. They have, however, refused to accept your resignation as Dean, trusting that with lightened labor you may long continue to serve them in that capacity and to aid and encourage the college and its teachers in the future, as you have in the past, by your devotion to its best interests, your mature judgment, and your loyal friendship.

With every token of love and esteem the Faculty subscribes itself, through its secretary,

T. M. T. McKennan.

WESTERN PENN'A MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 16, 1896.

Dr. James B. Murdoch, *City*,

Dear Sir: I have the honor to report to you that the Board of Trustees of this college, while accepting with great reluctance and regret your resignation from the chair of Clinical Surgery, do gladly acquiesce in the recommendation of the faculty, and confer upon you the title of "Emeritus Professor of Surgery." With great respect, Very truly yours,

W. J. Asdale,
Secretary.

Extract from the Minutes of the Regular Fall Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Western University of Pennsylvania, held in Common Council Chamber, Municipal Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., Thursday Afternoon, October 8th, 1896.

"On behalf of the Joint Committee on Medical Department, Dr. Dunn reported that owing to ill health, Dr. J. B. Murdoch, the present Professor of the Practice of Surgery and Clinical Surgery in the Medical College, has been compelled to tender his resignation as such, and in this connection the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Board:

That Whereas, the Board of Trustees of the Western University of Pennsylvania having learned with regret that Prof. J. B. Murdoch, a member of this Board, has been compelled by failing

health to relinquish his duties as Professor of the Practice of Surgery and Clinical Surgery in the Medical Department of the University,

Therefore, Be it *Resolved*, That this Board convey to Dr. Murdoch the expression of its sincere sympathy with him in his present illness, and an expression of its earnest hope for his restoration to health.

Resolved, That this Board place on record its high appreciation of the services rendered the University by Dr. Murdoch in his capacity as teacher.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Dr. Murdoch by the secretary of this Board."

WM. J. SAWYER,
Secretary pro tem.

The apprehensions of this skilled physician as to his own physical condition proved in the end to be only too well founded. His resignation was written in September, and on October 29th death came and released his immortal spirit from "the earthly house of this tabernacle" to enter "the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The funeral services were held at his late residence on Fifth avenue, at 2 P. M., October 31st, conducted by the Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D. D., his pastor, assisted by the Rev. Edward P. Cowan, D. D. The services were largely attended by his many friends, and the interment took place at a later hour on the same day, his remains being deposited in the family mausoleum in the Allegheny Cemetery.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT THE WESTERN PENN'A MEDICAL COLLEGE.

ADDRESS BY DR. C. B. KING.

GENTLEMEN: We have met this afternoon to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of an honored and beloved member of the faculty of this University, who has exchanged his active life, full of hopeful expectation, for the solemn quiet of the tomb.

The genial smile, the hearty handshake and cordial greeting, the earnest, painstaking teaching, the brilliant operating of Prof. James B. Murdoch, are now to us only a thing of memory.

Much as we esteemed his worth and appreciated his friendship during his life, it appears to me that not until now, that the clods have fallen as a last covering on his mortality, have we recognized his true value as a man, a friend, a surgeon, and as a teacher.

Not until we took a long last farewell of his coffined clay did we realize how firmly he was bound up in our affections.

In view of Dr. Murdoch's useful life, high character, and worthy achievements, as well as of the close and pleasant relations we have sustained to him, it seems indeed fitting that we should this afternoon withdraw from our ordinary duties and devote an hour to tender reflections concerning him.

From the fact that I have been associated with him professionally and socially for a greater length of time than has any other member of the faculty, my confreres have done me the distinguished honor of inviting me to address you concerning him.

I have accepted the duty with reluctance, not because I lack in a feeling of the most profound sorrow over the death of my dear friend and colleague, but because I fear that the language at

my command will fail to portray the deep sense of grief which is felt by all who were intimately acquainted with him whom we mourn, and because I feel I cannot do justice to the sentiments of high esteem in which he was held, nor picture in its true light the nobility of his character, the earnestness of his life, and the magnitude and importance of his work.

I have but little knowledge of his early life, but have been intimately acquainted with him for the past twenty-five years.

I have known much of his desires, of his ambition, of his motives and of his work. Soon after my first meeting with him I formed a high estimate of his nobility of character, and of his attainments as a physician and surgeon. I am happy to state to-day that that estimate was never diminished but ever heightened by long years of association with him in the operating room, at the bedside of the sick and the dying, around the festal board, and at the fireside.

I have no desire to eulogize him beyond his deserts, and thereby detract from his true worth. That he had imperfections no one realized more than he himself did—indeed an innate modesty frequently caused him to do injustice to himself, and thus he often failed to receive that credit to which his work and ability entitled him.

He was a great man and a successful man. Comparing his relative position with the admitted great men in medicine with those who stand relatively in the same position in theology, in law, in commerce, in statesmanship and in military achievements, his name would shine resplendent high on the temple of fame.

He was not a man of one idea, of one ability in a single direction.

As a citizen his high sense of honor, his humanity, his business instincts, his fervid patriotism, all combined to make him great.

As a scholar and teacher, his intense application, his powers of concentration, his keen perception, vast erudition, retentive

memory, vivid imagination, broad and deep judgment, his splendid physique and commanding presence, his pleasing address and cultivated manner, his definiteness of purpose and earnestness again combined to make him great.

As a physician and surgeon his intimate knowledge of the principles and art of medicine, his calmness in the midst of excitement, and bravery in the face of danger, his kind and sympathetic nature, his analytic mind, his dextrous hand, all combined again to make him great and established for him a fame built upon the solid basis of usefulness, genuine worth and high desert, a fame which has left behind it a holy light which will be reflected in the lives of those who have been under his influence, and through them upon others, thus preventing it from becoming dimmed and diminished by the lapse of time.

To have been a friend of Dr. Murdoch was an honor; to enjoy his acquaintance was a pleasure and profitable; his counsel in practice brought confidence and skill, and to have been his student was a great privilege. Without speaking disparagingly of those who may be his successors, we can say that his place will be difficult to fill in society, hospital and college.

Those who are directly connected with the Western University, or with the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, where Dr. Murdoch did so much of his work, are not alone in mourning his loss.

His faithful wife, and his children, who have been the constant recipients of his love and affection, feel more deeply than words can express the loss they have sustained. Great indeed has been their loss!

Those who have been familiar with Dr. Murdoch's home life have a conception of what he was to his home and family, and how he had endeared himself to his immediate relatives and friends. His was a nature which endowed him with those traits of character which has made him a model husband and father, as well as an entertaining host. In the language of a friend who writes of him: "He was one of God's gentlemen."

Many of us here to-day recall with unfeigned pleasure the many happy hours spent beneath his hospitable roof.

The intensity and poignancy of the grief of those in the bosom of his family is too sacred for us to discuss, and we must content ourselves by assuring them of our heartfelt sympathy.

We are joined in our grief by the members of the social and medical associations all over this broad land, of which Dr. Murdoch was a member. Words of sympathy and of sorrow are coming from all points of the compass from those who have learned to love, honor and respect him.

Again, those thousands into whose families he entered as a messenger of mercy, to relieve the pain and suffering of the sick and injured, and to counsel and encourage the anxious friends: The hundreds still living for whom he breasted danger on the battlefield that he might, with his gentle hand, preserve their lives.

The other thousands who, in the hospital wards, many of them homeless, penniless and friendless, received his kindest care and highest skill. The many more who, when in the midst of disaster, suffering for want of food and clothing, received not only his words of cheer, but substantial relief, all, all join with us to-day in dropping tears of genuine sorrow over the death of that one whom we are proud to have been able to call our friend.

What interesting memories arise in the minds, and how painful is the grief of the several hundred graduates of this institution who for years, day after day, sat in these seats and received the instruction which he imparted so intelligently, so pointedly, sincerely and gracefully.

They are those upon whom the stamp of his noble character is more particularly imprinted.

His teaching not only exhibited to them a well-stocked mind, a mature judgment, and a dextrous hand, but showed an ability to impart his knowledge and his art to others in a manner which at once entitled him to that pre-eminence as a teacher which we are all ready to accord to him to-day. In addition to the direct

medical knowledge he imparted to them, he by his manner, and by his words of counsel, helped mould their characters and helped to inspire them with higher hopes and nobler purposes. Their lives will ever be a living evidence of his precepts and example.

Born in Scotland, he inherited many of the traits of the people of his native land. He was independent, secretive, humorous, a lover of nature, of athletics and sports. He was imbued with a spirit of love for the Scottish bards.

His father, a minister of marked ability and of judgment in the education of youth, counseled him wisely, helped him avoid dangerous associations, and carefully selected a scholastic training for him. A mother of strong character and sincere Christian faith, of whom he loved to converse, and for whom he had the strongest filial affection, made an impress on his character which greatly modified his course of life.

While he might have been a success in any calling of life, he was fitted by nature, character and education for the medical profession. He was a physician by birth and by inclination.

He was noted for his zeal and ability as a student. His teachers had high hopes of his future, and he to a great extent fulfilled their most sanguine expectations. After obtaining a competent medical education he received the position of surgeon on one of the trans-Atlantic steamers, where he had excellent advantages for study and for obtaining information from the diversified characters which he met. Having given up this position he returned to his then parental home in Oswego, New York state, where he engaged in general practice. Here he was eminently successful, and rapidly stepped into prominence among his medical brethren, as is attested by the fact that thus early in his career he was elected president of his county society.

On the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, on Lincoln's first call for troops, he hastened to offer his services to his country, and was appointed assistant regimental surgeon. Here he

soon showed his ability, not only as a surgeon, but as an organizer and disciplinarian. His ability being recognized by those in authority, he was rapidly advanced until he was made surgeon-general of his brigade, a position which he filled with credit until the close of the war.

In 1872 he removed to this city, where he at once came into prominence and took rank among our leading physicians, among whom at that time, were such men as John Dickson, James King, Herron, Bruce, Gallagher, James H. Duff, Kerr, McCann, Jones, Stevenson, Wood, Lemoyne, Pollock, Fleming, Thomas Shaw, and Mowry. Soon afterward he was made a member of the staff of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, which position he filled actively until within a few weeks of his death. The great amount of work he performed in connection with that position, it would be hard to calculate. He was always at his post of duty, sunshine or rain, winter and summer, year in and year out; no labor appeared to be too hard for him if it was for the interest and reputation of the Hospital. He lent the best efforts of his life to the building up of that institution, and it is no disparagement to any others of those who have done heroic work in that institution to say that to Dr. Murdoch and that other skillful surgeon, the lamented James McCann, is due much of the prosperity and reputation which the West Penn Hospital enjoys to-day.

Dr. Murdoch has done much for the general good and advancement of the profession. His writings for the periodicals, and his addresses before the various medical associations were the creatures of conviction after long and painstaking observation. He did more than any other American toward popularizing the torsion of arteries in place of ligation. His modification of Symes' operation in amputation of the foot was conceded to be an original and very clever improvement on the ideas of that world-renowned surgeon.

His teachings on the immediate care of the wounded, especially

in railroad injuries, have been so eminently practical that they have been adopted by railway surgeons everywhere.

While his general reputation was that of a surgeon, his counsel was ever valuable in general medical practice. He was an able diagnostician, and usually a reliable prognosticator. By careful clinical study and by experimentation he had acquired a concise and practical knowledge of the physiological action of remedies which helped to make him that careful and successful therapeutist that he was.

He was a man of great versatility and of extensive research in all branches of science. He had a keen and cultivated literary taste, as shown by his extensive knowledge of the writings of the first literary men of the world, which he was always on occasion not only ready but able to discuss.

The proudest public work of Prof. Murdoch's life was that which he performed in connection with the organization of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College. His soul was wrapped up in its welfare, and among his latest prayers were those for its continued success. That in the death of Dr. Murdoch this institution has lost a corner-stone is too apparent to call for comment. Aside from the excellent and satisfactory manner in which he performed his professional duties, he occupied the position of Dean for the first ten years of its existence. As proof of his executive ability in that position, and of the great respect the students had for him, we can proudly say what we believe very few institutions of the same size and character can—that during the whole period of Dr. Murdoch's deanship, there was not a single flagrant violation of discipline by the students.

While much of this may have been attributable to the high character of the students, very much of it was due to the executive ability of the dean.

While Dr. Murdoch was highly honored by the profession by being frequently called to occupy responsible official positions, he honored all of the positions he ever occupied.

He was president of the Allegheny County Medical Society, president of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, and was for one year the presiding officer of the Association of American Railway Surgeons. In all of these positions he showed signal ability.

The ever restless wings of time, bearing us all swiftly onward to the infinite ocean of eternity, have borne him beyond our sight. How far he is ahead of us no instrument of human construction can determine, no finite mind can tell. Only the Great Captain knows when we shall strike its billows.

Until then, let us make good use of our opportunities. There may be much for us to do yet before we have fulfilled our mission here.

Dr. Murdoch's life, especially to the young, opens up a vast, interesting and instructive field for reflection. He has left us a heritage of good example. His life shows us what perseverance, energy and a fixed purpose may accomplish.

As I have previously stated, one of his ardent desires was to see this college prosper; to see it grow in character and influence, as well as in the number of its students. As he once said to the members of the faculty, it was his desire to see it attain such a high standing that the public and profession throughout the land would honor its graduates. The idea of a medical college in Pittsburgh was conceived when there were but a few who thought it a possibility.

Even when Dr. Murdoch and his associates effected its organization the friends of the enterprise were very few. Time has shown that their judgment was correct. In spite of evil prognostications, in the face of great difficulties, he lived to see it out of its swaddling clothes, and fast surpassing in growth many of its older sisters. As one by one its fathers pass away, may we not confidently hope that their places will be filled by men who will ever be true to the trust reposed in them?

Perhaps in no way could we honor Dr. Murdoch more in

accordance with his own ideas, than to care for and perpetuate with honorable distinction this institution for which he did so much. To accomplish this there must be a reciprocal aid from professors, alumni, students and friends of the college. They must unite in purpose and in active, energetic work.

With pleasant recollections of those who have passed away, and agreeable memories of all our associations, we are bound the closer together by mutual thought and affection.

As we to-day specially pay tribute to the last one to fall, we do not forget the jovial Blanck, the eccentric but learned Wood, the fluent Mundorf, and the well-loved McCann. The recollections of all of them are still green in our memory. A knowledge of their successes should stimulate us to greater diligence.

I feel that in closing my remarks concerning Dr. Murdoch, you will all join with me in the sentiment: That his example, his friendship and his successes have had an influence for good on all with whom he was intimately acquainted, and especially that his association with us, his confreres and students, has marked an oasis in the pathway of life, and has stimulated us to higher aims, nobler ambitions and more elevated purposes.

ADDRESS OF CHANCELLOR HOLLAND.

Gentlemen of the Medical Faculty, Fellow-Students of the University:

I did not expect that I would be called upon to speak upon the present occasion, and after the complete and thoroughly appreciative review of the life and character of Dr. Murdoch, which has just been concluded by the distinguished member of the faculty who has taken his seat, it seems almost presumptuous for me on the spur of the moment to rally my thoughts for the purpose of adding anything to what he has said. Nevertheless, I should be recreant to all the impulses of my heart, were I to fail,

when opportunity is given me, to pay my personal tribute of affection and admiration to the memory of that one of our faculty whom we mourn to-day, and whom I deem it an honor for more than twenty years to have numbered among my friends.

Dr. Murdoch was an illustration of what a physician ought to be. Until disease had laid its withering hand upon him, he was a splendid illustration of physical manhood. Erect, of soldierly bearing, of commanding presence, he always attracted the eye. You know that our noun "respect" is derived from the Latin verb which signifies to "look backward." A man who, passing you in a crowd, compels you to pause and look back at him, is the man who commands respect. Such a man was Dr. Murdoch, but in addition to the graces of a fine person, he possessed the charm of courtly manners. He was not simply a splendid man, but he was a gentleman. Added to these qualities was that courage, intellectual vigor, and decision, which, whenever I saw him standing before his classes here, or presiding at a clinic, led me to think of him as superbly filling the ideal of the surgeon. I never saw him thus in the days of his prime, without thinking of the passage in the writings of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, in which he portrays the ideal physician, "a man of capacity, of insight, of sound judgment, and of great power of will, with the ready brain and facile hand addressing himself to the tasks before him."

Dr. Murdoch, as we have been told, was a man of culture. It was my privilege many years ago to be one of a small number of congenial persons who met at stated intervals in this city for the purpose of studying the plays of Shakespeare and the writings of other classic authors in the English language. You will recall, Dr. King, the zest and enthusiasm with which our dear friend, Dr. Murdoch, entered into the pleasures of those evenings. You will remember how thoroughly he had absorbed the best that was written by Shakespeare and by Burns, how quick and apt were his quotations.

Alas! that the hand of death should take from us the pleasures derived from association with him, and that we, his associates, and that hundreds of young men congregated within the walls of this University, who knew him only to love and honor him, should be deprived of his counsel and his instructions! We mourn his loss, and yet shall always be the richer for having known him, and shall always cherish in our memories the image of his presence. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Resolutions and Extracts from Papers.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE FACULTY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Death has removed from us our beloved friend and eminent co-worker, J. B. Murdoch, M. D., and we, the Faculty of the Medical Department of the Western University of Pennsylvania, while deploring his loss, bow in humble submission to the Divine will, and render thanks for the consolation afforded in contemplating the work and services of our fellow-member as being beyond that and completer than we could have asked. We acknowledge also our gratitude for his worthy example of exalted life, for his lofty exemplification of patience in suffering, and for the comforting evidences of victory over death.

As a Faculty we will miss his counsel, his judgment, and the infinite resources of his intellect and heart. Engrafted upon our memories will remain his magnetic presence, admirable individuality, lofty humor, vivid imagination and refined moral sensibilities.

We believe it wisdom to thus commiserate each other and also to recount the pleasures, hopes and virtues his living presence has awakened, believing that we may thereby receive inspiration to endeavor, like him, to reach the full measure of the image in which we were created.

Into the broken home circle of which he was the dignified and genial center, we extend our condolence and commend each one to Him whose promises are so inclusive that "even His rod and staff are comforting."

We direct that a copy of these expressions of sorrow be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be printed in the daily papers and "Pittsburgh Medical Review."

W. T. English,
J. D. Thomas,
T. L. Hazzard,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

1830—DEAN MURDOCH—1896.

In Memoriam.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to remove from our Faculty one who by his untiring energies, his integrity of purpose, and his persistent and ever faithful work, has endeared himself to all of us ; and

Whereas, Prof. Murdoch was respected, honored, yea loved by all who knew him, and especially by the students of the Medical Department of the Western University of Pennsylvania, and

Whereas, He was kind, genial, loving and ever ready to help the students in any and every way in which it lay in his power, ever mindful of the hardships of student life; always willing to cheer the despondent, and lend a helping hand to the wayward; and

Whereas, His presence seemed to raise the veil from the most difficult tasks, rendering them a pleasure rather than a duty, and

Whereas, Prof. Murdoch was a man of National and International reputation, his writings having been quoted by the leading surgeons of the world ; and

Whereas, In the death of Prof. Murdoch we have lost a dear friend, a wise counselor, a man of superb courage; he not only

acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued without complaint; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the students of the Medical Department of the Western University of Pennsylvania, in meeting assembled, express their heart-felt sympathy for the bereaved wife and children. In his death they have lost a loving and faithful husband, a kind and indulgent father;

Resolved, That the community has lost a true and patriotic citizen; that the greatest walk in the shadow and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all.

Resolved, That in his demise the poor have lost a friend to whom they never appealed in vain.

Resolved, That the medical profession has lost one of its most illustrious sons, whose presence will be missed as the giant oak from the forest.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and a copy be spread on the minutes of the Medical Department of the W. U. P. and published in the daily papers of the city of Pittsburgh and in the "Pittsburgh Medical Review" and in the "Western University Courant."

M. H. Baker, F. M. Storer,
Charles G. Eicher, H. Weakley,
J. F. Kerr, William Lange,
Committee.

Pittsburgh, Pa., October 31, 1896.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STAFF OF THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

Whereas, We realize with profound regret the death of our associate, Dr. J. B. Murdoch:

Resolved, That in this sad event the community has lost

an upright and honorable citizen, the medical profession a distinguished, valuable and appreciated member, and the Western Pennsylvania Hospital an able, energetic and faithful officer.

Resolved, That our earnest and heart-felt sympathy and condolence are extended to the bereaved family of our deceased friend.

F. Le Moyne, M. D.,
W. Snively, M. D.,
Thos. McCann, M. D., Secy.
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ALLEGHENY COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Whereas, Dr. J. B. Murdoch, a member of the Allegheny County Medical Society, has been called by death from the scene of his beneficent professional labors; and

Whereas, We realize that in him was typified the skillful physician and surgeon, the genial companion, the upright and honorable man, the good citizen and the Christian gentleman, and

Whereas, The loss to this Society is deeply felt, being that of a member always devoted to its advancement in science, one invariably the supporter of the cause of right, of a friend to every colleague and of a charitable and noble-hearted man; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Allegheny County Medical Society place upon public record this expression of its sincere grief at the death of Dr. Murdoch, one of its most valuable and highly cherished members, and

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the society, and copies be transmitted to the family of the deceased, to the medical press and the daily papers of Pittsburgh for publication.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE MONONGAHELA NAVIGATION COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Monongahela Navigation Company, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

Since our last meeting one of our members has passed away, and it is with feelings of unfeigned sorrow that we record the death of Dr. James B. Murdoch, who for many years past has been a faithful and efficient member of the Board of Managers of the Monongahela Navigation Company. Amidst the many and engrossing duties of his professional life, he always found time to attend to those duties which devolved upon him as a member of this Board, and he was very rarely absent from our stated monthly meetings.

Not only in his official capacity do we miss his presence among us, but as a prominent and highly useful member of this community, his loss will be sorely felt, and sincerely deplored, and we, his associates on this Board, mourn his loss as that of a highly esteemed personal friend.

We tender to his bereaved widow and family our sincere sympathy, and direct that a copy of the foregoing minutes be communicated to them and recorded on our minutes.

From the minutes,

W. Bakewell,
Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS FROM THE ALLEGHENY COUNTY CHESS CLUB.

Whereas, It has pleased an All-Wise Providence to take from us our beloved brother, Dr. J. B. Murdoch, be it hereby

Resolved, That an expression of our sympathy to his bereaved

family, and of our sincere sorrow, both for their and our own loss, by the death of our friend and associate, be forwarded to his family, and further

Resolved, That the rooms of this Association shall remain closed upon Saturday, October 31st, the day appointed for the funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Dr. Murdoch's family.

L. E. Johns, W. D. Brereton,
U. P. Ford, Jas. U. McCutcheon,
G. E. Foster, John McCutcheon,
J. C. Boyce, *Committee.*

EXTRACT FROM THE EDITORIAL OF THE PITTSBURGH "MEDICAL REVIEW."

While Dr. Murdoch's name and works were probably more widely known than those of any other Pittsburgh physician, it was, after all, his personality rather than his achievements which endeared him to his friends. His easy dignity, his ready and always appropriate speech, his genial humor, his open-handed hospitality, his keen appreciation of all the really good things in this life, his broad culture and wide reading, his loyalty to his profession, his integrity and honesty of purpose, his splendid courage, which never faltered, and which rose to heroism as he calmly and cheerfully faced death during the last weary months, make a picture in the minds of those who knew him, that will be as enduring as memory itself. Truly

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, This was a man."

FROM THE PITTSBURGH "BULLETIN."

Dr. James Bissett Murdoch, late Dean of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College, and one of the foremost and most esteemed surgeons of this city, died on Thursday, at the age of 66 years and some months. His death creates deep and widespread sorrow, and takes from his profession a man whose ability, valuable services to his fellow men and personal traits made him beloved universally. Dr. Murdoch was born in Glasgow, Scotland, October 16th, 1830. His father was the Rev. David Murdoch, D. D., at one time a resident of Elmira, N. Y. After being graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, he served as resident surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, New York, then accepting the position of surgeon on the steamship "North Star," plying between New York and Havre. From 1855 to 1877 he practiced medicine in Oswego, N. Y., and in 1877 came to Pittsburgh. On the breaking out of the Civil War, Dr. Murdoch offered his valuable service to the government, and was made Surgeon of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers, serving actively with that regiment until the return of peace. His life in this city was one of professional success. He became a member of the Allegheny County Medical Society, and in 1884 was chosen its president. He was also president of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society and a valued member of the American Medical Society. For years he was surgeon of the West Penn Hospital, and on the founding of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College, was made dean thereof, and professor of surgery. In 1861 Dr. Murdoch married Miss Jennie Pettibone, of Oswego, N. Y., who died in 1865. In 1868 he married Miss Jennie A. Moorhead, daughter of the late Hon. J. K. Moorhead. He is survived by a widow and five sons and daughters. These are Mr. A. P. Murdoch, of Oswego, N. Y.; Dr. J. M. Murdoch, recently appointed superintendent of

the new institution for feeble-minded children at Polk, Pa.; Mr. W. M. Murdoch, a student of Yale; Miss Florence and Miss Catharine Murdoch.

FROM THE OSWEGO "DAILY TIMES."

JAMES B. MURDOCH, M. D.

Dr. James B. Murdoch, formerly of this city, died at his residence in Pittsburgh, Pa., this morning. He removed from this city to Pittsburgh about twenty-five years ago.

Although a generation has passed since Dr. Murdoch lived in Oswego, there are many here remaining who hold him in kindly and loving remembrance, and to whom the announcement of his death will bring real sorrow. His was a singularly attractive nature, bright, cheerful, loyal and true. Of him it may be truly said that "none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise." His few and short visits to Oswego were occasions of rejoicement to his friends, the warmth of whose attachment the lapse of time could not diminish. He attained eminence in his profession; took high rank amongst the noted surgeons of the country, but he held in loving remembrance the friends of his young manhood in Oswego.

To these it will be comforting to know that his passing was peaceful and painless. Surrounded by his loving wife and children, the shadows lengthened and the end was peace. "They thought him dying when he slept and sleeping when he died."

FROM THE OSWEGO "PALLADIUM."

THE LATE DR. MURDOCH.

The following obituary on Dr. J. B. Murdoch was written by Dr. C. C. P. Clark, of this city, and read before the Oswego County Medical Society at their semi-annual meeting held at the Doolittle House on November 10th inst.:

Mr. President—It gives me great pain to announce to this Society the death of its most distinguished member, Dr. James B. Murdoch, lately of Pittsburgh, Pa., but for many years one of our own brethren. Born in 1830 in Glasgow, Scotland, he came with his parents to this country when but a small boy and thereafter lived and died altogether an American. No son of the Pilgrims or whoever might claim descent from the first settlers of this country, was ever more devoted to the Stars and Stripes, or more confidently believed in the people and in government by the people than did our departed friend.

I shall not now enter into a detail of his professional career, but only say that, with no opportunities or advantages, except such as he created or procured for himself, Dr. Murdoch steadily advanced in his chosen department of our art, until as an operator and as an inventor of new methods, no surgeon in this country, it is safe to say, stood higher.

As evidence of this it is sufficient to say that he had held nigh every place of honorable distinction in the bestowal of his brethren. Dexterity and self-possession are perhaps the most important qualifications of the successful operator, and these no man ever possessed in greater perfection than did Dr. Murdoch. He was born with them. I saw some of his first operations in this city now near forty years ago. I was then comparatively fresh from the observation of the best surgical work in London, Paris and Dublin, and I saw in Dr. Murdoch a man more ready and more dextrous than any I had found in those great centers of surgical zeal and ability.

No member of the profession who had witnessed in him the evidences of his skill was in the least surprised when he went to a larger field, to see him in a few years pass all rivals and reach the top; President of his State society of the great association of railway surgeons, and of the surgical division of the American Medical Association.

But it was not alone in operative surgery that the great readi-

ness and self-possession of our deceased friend shone out. In the social circle, on the public platform, and wherever else his faculties were called into exercise they were prompt to answer the call on the instant. No other man that I have ever known had his mental pockets so full of ready money; so fit and perfect was always whatever flowed from his lips, whether in humor, repartee or reasoning, that you would think it had been labored over like a funeral oration.

As all his great surgical skill was at his fingers' ends, so were his best arguments and his best thought at his tongue's end. He was a born orator quite as much as a born surgeon, and indeed would have excelled in any walk of life that brought him into contact for fellowship or combat with other men.

But the qualities of Dr. Murdoch which most endeared him to all who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, were his friendliness, his fellow feeling and his extraordinary social aptitudes. His old companions in Oswego remained as dear to him to the end of his life as though he had parted from them but yesterday. Indeed he loved this town. Many times he has regretted to me that he had ever been compelled to think it best to seek a larger field for the exercise of his profession.

No man was ever tired of his company. To myself it has been one of the best remembered pleasures of my life, and if I felt assured when I would again enjoy the society of himself and another brother not less dear to me who has gone before him, Dr. Algernon S. Coe, I would seek it with all perseverance while life remains, although it might be beyond the waters of the Styx or be seated in the horns of the moon. Since they are gone I feel much alone in this world.

C. C. P. Clark, M. D.

Oswego, N. Y., Nov. 10th, 1896.

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In Memoriam

JAMES BISSETT MURDOCH

Major and Surgeon 24th New York Infantry

DIED AT PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 29, 1896.

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULAR No. 5,
Series of 1897.
Whole No. 330.

Philadelphia, February 18, 1897.

JAMES BISSETT MURDOCH,

Major and Surgeon 24th New York Infantry, May 17, 1861; honorably mustered out May 29, 1863.

Elected May 1, 1889. Class 1. Insignia 7068.

Born at Glasgow, Scotland, October 16, 1830.

Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 29, 1896.

Companion James Bissett Murdoch, Surgeon 24th New York Infantry and Brigade Surgeon 1st Division 1st Corps Army of the Potomac, President of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, President of the American Association of Railway Surgeons, and Dean of the Faculty of Western Pennsylvania Medical College.

The medical journals of the State of Pennsylvania have placed on record their emphatic testimony to Doctor Murdoch's distinguished services, both in the literature and practice of his profession, and to his high character and eminent position in the community where he passed the greater part of his life, and where he died rich in "honor, love, obedience and troops of friends."

Doctor Murdoch's early life, prior to 1861, and the four years of his military record showed the same characteristic devotion to duty, the steady nerve and prompt, resolute spirit, and

the peculiarly Scottish mixture of kindly sympathy and quiet humor, with a shrewd, practical sagacity, which throughout the whole of his singularly useful life drew irresistibly the love, the respect, and admiration of all who were fortunate enough to know him.

The Spring of 1861 found Doctor Murdoch, then thirty years of age, in the enjoyment of an enviable professional and social standing in Oswego, N. Y. He had then been recently married to Miss Pettibone of that city. On the 13th day of April, at Fort Sumpter, was fired the opening gun of the Civil War; and on the very next day, with characteristic promptness, Doctor Murdoch threw himself into the work of organizing the first Oswego County regiment to take the field, he himself accepting a commission as assistant surgeon. But his unusual administrative ability soon found recognition in his advancement to the position of Regimental and later of Brigade Surgeon.

The 24th N. Y. Infantry, which Doctor Murdoch accompanied, after leaving Oswego, was held at the N. Y. State rendezvous at Elmira, until about the middle of July, 1861. The regiment was then ordered to Washington, arriving during the progress of the first battle of Bull Run, July 21st, and was at once hurried to the front. Crossing Long Bridge and marching out on the Centreville pike, they were soon breasting the headlong rush of a flood of fugitives, filling the air with terrible tales of an army "cut to pieces" by "masked batteries," and trampled in the gore by "Black Horse Cavalry." Pushing through the ruck with the steadiness of veterans, the untried volunteers of the 24th formed line for covering the retreat, and so bore themselves during the rest of that disastrous day as to earn at once a reputation for staunchness and steadiness which clung to the regiment through the war.

In Doctor Murdoch's service to his country, his professional and administrative work is of record. But there exists in the memory of those who knew the 24th New York a much higher ser-

vice, not of published record, and that was the influence exerted from the very first upon the officers and men of the regiment, as upon all others brought into contact with him, by an impressive personality which imparted to others no small share of its own high purpose and resolute spirit.

And so of his subsequent civil life. But few of those who read the record of Doctor Murdoch's distinguished professional achievement can ever know how little that record shows of such a man's real service to his fellows.

His death was worthy of him. The last months of his life, he knowing well their limit, while daily giving to the suffering his prompt skill and ready sympathy, rounded out to rare fullness a life rich in good works and beneficent influence.

Mrs. Murdoch died in 1865, leaving one son, now living. In 1868 Doctor Murdoch married Miss Moorhead, daughter of the late General Moorhead, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who, with their two sons and two daughters, survives him; one son having died May 2d, 1894.

In 1872 he moved to Pittsburgh, of which place he was a resident until his death.

MATTHEW B. RIDDLE,
Chaplain 2d New Jersey Infantry.
CHARLES L. FITZHUGH,
Brevet Brig. Genl. U. S. A.
HENRY A. BREED,
2d Lieut. 155th Penna. Infantry.
Committee.

By command of
Brevet Major-General D. McM. GREGG, U. S. V.
Commander.
JOHN P. NICHOLSON,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. V.,
Recorder.

A TRIBUTE
FROM REV. EDWARD P. COWAN, D. D.

The death of Dr. Murdoch was to me a personal loss. The ties that bound us together as friend and friend grew quick and strong from the very beginning of our acquaintance, more than fourteen years ago, when I first came to Pittsburgh as pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, and found him among the people to whom I was to minister. That something which so often causes acquaintance to ripen into friendship, quicker in one case than in another, was found from the start to exist between us, and it never left us from our first meeting to our last parting. Each knew instinctively that he had the confidence of the other. Each felt without being told, that the other regarded him with genuine respect and esteem. It is not strange then that his house was to me at times like a haven of rest; or that he was one of the men whom to meet always refreshed me when weary—always cheered me when my spirits were inclined to droop. His open hospitality made me feel that his house was mine for the time; that what he had was at my service. His social nature, general fund of information, entertaining conversation, rich in suggestion and interspersed with anecdotes, abounding in wit and humor, always made me glad to enter his door and sorry to go away. What his home and his own personal qualities were to me, they equally were to a host of others, whom he admitted to his ever-widening circle of friends.

But to me as his pastor there was a side to his character that others would fail to appreciate, because it had less to do with their every day life, or with the profession or occupation they had chosen to pursue. It had much to do with me and mine—with my daily life and chosen profession. I refer to his uniformly steady support of the public services of the sanctuary, by the

remarkable regularity of his attendance on the Sabbath day. In the entire ten years of my Third Church pastorate not a private member—no, not even an officer—in my church had a better record for church attendance than my friend, Dr. Murdoch. Morning and evening, rain or shine, unless prevented by professional duties, was he in his accustomed pew in the House of God. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that the duties of a physician, more than any other profession, justify frequent absence from public worship. The truth is, he really loved to go to church, and so arranged his other duties that they were seldom allowed to interfere with his Sabbath programme. Over and over have I heard him say, as I commented on his regularity, "I love to go to church." His actions surely demonstrated the truth of his assertion.

There was another thing in connection with his religious habits that greatly comforted his pastor. He was an attentive listener. A public speaker is always greatly helped and inspired by the thought that he is being mentally followed by his audience. He quickly classifies his audience into listeners and non-listeners, and involuntarily turns from the listless, or vacant countenance of the man whose mind is wandering, or possibly dormant, to those whose eyes are fixed upon him, and whose expression indicates intelligent comprehension of the thought, whether it be received or not—whether accepted or rejected.

There is no one with whom I had more frequent conversations as to the subject matter of my sermons. He criticised them to my face oftener than any other man. He would remember things I had said that I had forgotten, and quote them to me months and even years after they were uttered. His objections, however, were never made to any fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith. He never to me uttered an irreverent word, or cast the slightest slur on things sacred and divine. His exceptions to my statements were concerning things non-essential. It was now an illustration he did not like; or an argument, the

force of which he did not see; the pronunciation of a word, or the accuracy of a quotation. Sometimes I yielded to his objections, and thanked him for his criticism. At other times matters were reversed, all to our mutual pleasure and enjoyment.

He delighted in seeing his children grow up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Nothing would have grieved him more than to see any of his sons or daughters turn away from the faith of his fathers. He was happily spared this pain. He rejoiced in the possession of a thoroughly Christian family, and appreciated to its fullest extent "that sweetness and light" that Christianity alone puts into ones domestic bliss. The noble Christian character developed in his son John, who was so strong in the faith, and so open and frank in his avowal of the same among his associates and comrades, was his father's special pride.

After listening one evening to an address made by this son at a Young People's meeting, which he attended for this purpose, he came to me, his face aglow with fatherly pride, and exclaimed, "Jack certainly must be a preacher. He'll make a good one, too. I did not know he could talk so well." Alas! for human hopes and human plans. Both Jack and his father have now passed over to the other side.

Kindness of heart was a prominent feature of Dr. Murdoch's character. Like Luke of old he was indeed a "beloved physician," ready to minister with equal care and skill in the humble home of the poor and in the more pretentious abode of the rich. There is one thing in which the work of a faithful physician and a faithful minister bear a strong resemblance. They are both called on in the ordinary pursuit of their professions to do a large amount of work that has no reference to any direct or indirect pecuniary consideration. Nor is it expected that it ever will. The immense amount of hospital work that falls upon these public benefactors is but slightly appreciated by the outside busy and unthinking world. All this service calls for much valuable time, and the use of a fund of knowledge and the exercise

of a skill only attained to through years of study, experience and expense. Such service Dr. Murdoch was ever ready to render, and did render in connection with the West Penn Hospital, the prosperity and usefulness of which owes so much to his energy, service, self-sacrifice and genius.

An incident he related some years ago to me out of his personal experience while a surgeon in the army, and which I well remember, illustrates how easily his heart could be touched, and how long he could remember and regret the missing of a chance to do a most trivial act of kindness to an unknown man.

With many things on his mind, busy at the moment with problems that meant life or death to the sick and wounded under his care, a nameless wayfarer, as he was passing, confronted him with the simple request, unsupported by any substantial reason, "Cap'n, give me a quarter?" To this came the quick reply, "No, get along with you." Then came the statement as the disappointed petitioner turned empty-handed away, "Cap'n, I hope you will never want a quarter as bad as I do now." The Doctor's comment on this incident to me was something like this: "It has been over twenty years since this conversation took place, and I have wished many and many a time since that I had given that poor fellow that quarter."

He may have missed this one man, but for the one that he missed there were scores and scores whom he helped, and in helping whom he gained for himself the rich reward that comes from the consciousness of having done a kind act.

But his earthly life is over. His record is on high. The example he has left is part of the heritage of his family. The influence of his life as he lived it, has been a direct contribution to the intellectual and moral forces of the communities in which he lived and died. The world has been made better by his having been in it, and now that he has gone from us, we that knew him and loved him are personally made poorer by the loss of his companionship and his counsel.